

'TATERS AND SUCHLIKE TO BE GROWN BY A.E.F.

**New Service Established by General Order Requires
Gardens for Every Division—Calls for
Details Will Soon Go Out**

The man with the hoe is going to become a reality in the A.E.F., which is a body of soldiers in which the man with the pickaxe and the spade has long been a mainstay. For he is known that, in addition to the Air Service, the Railway Transport Service, the Service of the Rear, and all other services we know, including the Postal Service, (which we hardly know at all), we are in the process of having added into us yet another—the Garden Service.

"What! The general order says that a garden service is to be established, branch—branch?" of the Quartermaster Corps is hereby established. Therefore, it is. The little acorn has been planted, and tall oaks may be expected to grow from it, with the addition of little drops of water and little grains of sand as the soil and the climate and the temperature may require.

Officer for Gardener-in-Chief

This Garden Service is going to be in real earnest. Every division will be required to cultivate a certain portion of the area in which it lives and moves and has its being, with the aim of providing itself—if it stays there that long—with beans, (yes; beans), oats, barley, mint (reserved for Southern colonies), veronica, hops, rice, buckwheat, bananas, sugarcane, and such spinning as is not grown locally. Particular emphasis will be laid on potatoes, and to make those members of the A.E.F. who may be messing with the division feel perfectly at home, corned beef and cabbage trees will be liberally planted throughout the land.

In each division an officer (preferably one without previous farming or gardening experience) will be appointed by the division commander to take charge of the gardening work. Whenever the division takes over any sector held by one of our Allies, it is up to this officer to arrange with the corresponding officer of the troops relieved, with the aid of an interpreter, for the taking over of the vegetable gardens previously worked. When it comes around harvest time, if his division has the luck to be in the same area in that happy season, he will superintend the gathering in of the fruit and grains. In other words, he is to be a sort of international harvester.

Where You Come In

But—and this is where you come in—there have got to be details furnished, to do the actual planting and hoeing, and sowing potato bugs (easy practice for duly qualified expert cooey snipers), and bombing woodchucks, and all the rest. As is the case with the woodchoppers, men having previous experience in gardening will be among the first to be plucked for this fascinating labor, on the principle that they ought to know a little something about it.

But whether or not there are any gardeners in the division who have progressed beyond the window-box and rubber-plant stage, details will be furnished, all the same. They won't be big ones, though, "not to exceed ten for every 1,000 men" says the order.

AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES

**Big Guns Are Among Those
Present as French Pave
Way For Advance**

FIRST SHOTS SET RECORD

**Largest Weapon Ever Used by the
U.S. Against Any Land Enemy
Fittingly Christened**

"The American heavy artillery assisted," said a statement in French communiqué three weeks ago. There was just that mere, simple statement, but the five words marked an epochal event—the first participation of American big guns in this war. The details were not given.

It is now permissible to tell, for the first time, how these American guns assisted in demoralizing the German defenses at Butte du Mesnil, enabling the French infantry to invade the enemy's lines to a depth of 1200 yards on a 1500-yard front, and then helped in maintaining a barrage which prevented a Boche counter attack until the new positions were consolidated.

The first shots from the American "heavies" were fired on February 13, from a French made 220 centimeter gun, the largest weapon ever used by the United States against an enemy on land. It was a sort of an invitation proposition. The French notified the Americans that they were preparing a surprise party for Fritz and asked the artillery division if it wanted to get in on it. The artillery service did.

Much Stage Setting First

Firing a salvo from a battery of really big guns does not mean shooting at and hitting the firing string and sending the projectiles across No Man's Land. It requires a deal of preparation and stage setting and nice engineering work and observation. For, before a "heavy" begins to pound away it must be known exactly what mark it is shooting at and exactly where that mark is. In this instance, the marks were a few German strong points—a fort, a machine gun nest, a communicating center—one of which had been spotted by French aviators and were located with exactitude on a map which was turned over to the Americans.

A week before the attack, a group of artillery officers selected the location for the battery. They took tripods and transits and levels and finally staked out lines for the running of "epics."

"Epics" is a brand new word in the American soldier's vocabulary. It is the name for a sidetrack which leaves the main track on a curve and bears off.

Continued on Page 2.

Animals will be drafted, too—horses, mules and Fords—to help haul the garden truck to market, and to drag the plows through the rich loam land kerswish. In addition to the farm tractors which, it is confidently expected, will be here in time, the humbler but none the less useful long-eared and grey-haired tractor, who can't be started by cranking but by building a fire under him, will also be pressed into service. For fertilizer, the speeches of the Kaiser and of Admiral von Tirpitz will be exclusively employed.

The spud-spading industry will flourish in far greater proportions back of the lines than up front, for obvious reasons. The Service of the Rear and the divisional training area will have a large share of the glory of raising potatoes for the Army. The men in the flat-foot schools will be allowed to rest their weary arches in the soft earth, while time they are exercising their perfectly good backs in seeking closer communion with nature by the mucky-tending route. Negro stevedore regiments will, however, be kept as far removed as possible from the watermelon patches.

In addition to this field work in agriculture, experimental gardens are to be established just outside Paris, under the direction of a branch office of the Garden Service. Here Burbankian stunts of horticulture, beaniculture, spuddiculture, and spinachitis will be attempted, under the supervision of experts. This department hopes in time to be able, for example, to graft poison ivy on to the palace at Potsdam, and to cross the Hollenzollerns with the prickly cactus or the bayonet plant.

Chance for Glass-House Men

At this establishment just outside Paris, there will be work—yes, work—for 100 selected men, in the experimental gardens. These gardens will be quite near those which a former queen of France, fascinating but ill-fated, used to till just for the fun of it. Whether, in emulation of her, the lucky 100 will be instructed to wear their hair done up on top of their heads and to don becoming little caps and aprons before falling in for drill with their shovels and bugle squatters, remains to be seen. For this work, it is understood, men with experience in the use of fire-hose will be largely selected—also those who before this have lived in glass houses.

Take it all in all, this gardening proposition, if carried out on an extensive scale, is going to be a great thing for this man's army. It is going to give those not fitted for combatant service a lot to do. It is going to provide a "thing for that mystic command, Forward—HOE."

It is going to mean that the campaign but, for gardening purposes, may still exist amongst us; and it is going to increase the fashionableness of overalls.

The Garden Service branch of the Quartermaster Corps expects to be swamped at once by applicants for jobs as scarecrows.

EYES OF AMERICA TURN TOWARD EAST

**Foreign News Dominates
Quiet and Uneventful
Week Back Home**

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 7.—It has been a very quiet and uneventful week here, with foreign news practically the only exciting topic. The public has been watching the Eastern news with concentrated attention, but with very little discussion.

In the face of great events culminating and approaching in the Russian and Siberian situation, the calmness of the public attitude is due, in my opinion, to the national morale, strengthened, as I stated in my last dispatch, by the average American's knowledge that the nation may depend on open diplomacy. I believe that the general consciousness that whatever happens the public will be fully informed, makes for steadiness of public opinion in this case once more.

Except for foreign developments, there have been no important events here. The weather has been singularly good, giving the fullest opportunity to all industries, and a general easing of the situation is apparent everywhere.

The labor situation seems good for the time being, at least. The comments of the labor press of the whole country on the recent shipbuilding strike are very good. The bulk of the expressions favor arbitration, but point out that employers must not profiteer if labor is willing not to profiteer.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 7.—The New Jersey legislature has passed a boxing bill. It is now up to Governor Edge. The bill requires the use of eight ounce gloves.

The Kentucky senate has passed a boxing bill, which is now before the assembly.

POOL CHAMPION KEEPS TITLE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 7.—The New York State pocket billiard champion, Joseph Concanon, retained his title against the boy wonder, Louis Greuter, in a 1,200 point match, the final score being 1,200 to 1,050.

ON THE NATION'S ROLL OF HONOR

Six more names are added to America's roll of honor as a result of the repulse of the German raid on our positions north of Toul on Friday of last week. They have also been added to France's roll of honor, for each one has been decorated, at the hands of Premier Clemenceau, with the Croix de Guerre.

These are the men; these are their records:

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH C. CANBY—Chicago, Ill. Single-handed he captured a German who was tangled in the barbed wire, and shot another who was resisting.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM COLEMAN—Charleston, S.C. He raced through the German bombardment and the barrage and ordered the batteries into action.

SERGEANT WILLIAM NORTON—Jonesville, Ark.; 45 years old. He took command of his company after the captain had been killed, organizing the defense and counter attacks that finally drove off the Germans.

SERGEANT PATRICK WALSH—Detroit, Mich.; 47 years old. The German captain commanding the raiders ordered him to come out of his dugout. He shot the captain dead with his automatic, called out to a companion in time for him to make away with a second German entering the dugout, and by so doing saved his company's log-book from the enemy's hands.

PRIVATE PITTMAN—An infantry despatch bearer, he carried a message to an adjoining company in the midst of the bombardment.

PRIVATE DAVID ALVIN SMILEY—St. Louis, Mo. He carried dispatches twice through the barrage, and went back to notify the artillery during the gas barrage.

On Sunday the troops that took part in the encounter were drawn up to receive M. Clemenceau and the two French generals who accompanied him. They still wore their muddy clothing, their steel helmets and gas masks, just as in the raid.

Without ceremony, the honor men were called forward one by one to have the war crosses pinned on them. For each man M. Clemenceau had a word of commendation.

"That's the way to do it!" he told one of them, at the same time slapping him on the shoulder.

Private Smiley, who had been detained, came up late for the presentation. His captain directed him to go to the Premier's automobile. M. Clemenceau stepped out and presented him with the medal.

"Never mind being late," one of the generals told him, with a smile. "You were on time the other morning; that's enough."

YES, THE KAISER'S SURE WE'RE ON THE WESTERN FRONT NOW

**Would-be Visitors to
Chemin des Dames Get
Only Part Way**

HOT NIGHT IN SHELL HOLE

**Yankees Win High Praise for Conduct and More Medals May be
Handed Out**

By FRANK P. SIBLEY
Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the A.E.F.; the Only Correspondent Living With the American Troops on the Chemin des Dames

"Quiet sector, you said? Show me." He was a luck private, and he said he didn't know yet whether his leg was broken or not. As a matter of fact, he had had one of the miraculous escapes which are the hourly incident of big fighting. A shell had smashed his rifle stock to splinters and knocked him out, but hadn't even broken his skin.

He had been through the heaviest attack the Germans had yet made on our sector in the Chemin des Dames. It came off on a very dark night last week, and it was stood off with a completeness and a confidence that has come to be typical of the Yankee fighting force. "Of course," he said philosophically, "when the campaign but, for gardening purposes, may still exist amongst us; and it is going to increase the fashionableness of overalls."

The Garden Service branch of the Quartermaster Corps expects to be swamped at once by applicants for jobs as scarecrows.

On the way, the lieutenant saw a wounded man. He called for stretcher bearers, but there were no stretchers to be found. He took two men with him and went hunting a duck board in the dark. He eventually found a stretcher, and brought his man in.

One party, coming in, heard that the lieutenant had gone out again after the wounded man, and a sergeant and corporal went out after him. They met him coming in.

Shower on His Roof
One man had a strange experience. He got lost from his own squad, and wandered along the line, eventually getting up against a low stone wall where he lay, listening to the shells exploding all round him. He said that shell fragments and shrapnel drummed on his tin hat like rain on a roof.

When the barrage let up, he crawled along, somehow passing the observation posts entirely, and turning up at 2 a.m. at a French post, well towards the rear. Nobody knows how he managed to pass the first line at all.

The French reports are full of praise for the behavior of the American troops. Their steadiness and accuracy of fire, especially from the machine guns, absolutely stopped the attack of 500 trained and rehearsed Fritz, who outnumbered the Yankees greatly. The net result was an attack that failed, and a bit of had had that a working party was out at just that moment.

The lieutenant and a sergeant and corporal who went back after him have been recommended for the military medal.

One Boche Greatly Relieved
There is no longer any doubt that the Germans know that Americans are in the line. A week ago Saturday, the Boche prisoners said that they had not known there were any Americans in that part of the world. Their officers had told them that there were a few Americans somewhere in France, but where nobody knew. The men were also told to beware of being taken prisoner by the Americans, as these Yankees would question them rigidly, and when they had learned all they could, would simply cut the prisoner's throat. It was amusing to see the relief on the Boche face when he realized that this was not true.

Now, in one place on the front where the line is only 35 yards apart, Fritz has stuck up a sign in his own trench, "Welcome, Yank."

WEEK'S THIRD RAID ALSO REPULSED

In another portion of Lorraine a German raid on the trenches held by our troops in training with French troops was repulsed with losses to the Germans. The general in command of the French Army in this sector has sent to the American field command his congratulations on the behavior of our troops.

scattered over, just laying down their wire and stakes. He gathered them into groups of five or six, and stuck each group in a shell hole. Then he went back to the village whence he had started and reported to the French officer in command. He was ordered to give up work for the night, and to bring his party in.

Blasting Way Through Germans

He passed through the barrage for the second time, and found his men still lying down. The Boches had passed them on one side, and were making a feint to the American left. Meanwhile, the American barrage had also begun, and the place was exploding every five yards.

The lieutenant went from party to party as long as he could find them, ordering them to fall back towards their own lines. One party was practically surrounded by Boches, and with this party the lieutenant began to fight. They shot their way through the Germans, who by this time had made a hot contact on our right with the American line and got in.

On the way, the lieutenant saw a wounded man. He called for stretcher bearers, but there were no stretchers to be found. He took two men with him and went hunting a duck board in the dark. He eventually found a stretcher, and brought his man in.

One party, coming in, heard that the lieutenant had gone out again after the wounded man, and a sergeant and corporal went out after him. They met him coming in.

Shower on His Roof
One man had a strange experience. He got lost from his own squad, and wandered along the line, eventually getting up against a low stone wall where he lay, listening to the shells exploding all round him. He said that shell fragments and shrapnel drummed on his tin hat like rain on a roof.

When the barrage let up, he crawled along, somehow passing the observation posts entirely, and turning up at 2 a.m. at a French post, well towards the rear. Nobody knows how he managed to pass the first line at all.

The French reports are full of praise for the behavior of the American troops. Their steadiness and accuracy of fire, especially from the machine guns, absolutely stopped the attack of 500 trained and rehearsed Fritz, who outnumbered the Yankees greatly. The net result was an attack that failed, and a bit of had had that a working party was out at just that moment.

The lieutenant and a sergeant and corporal who went back after him have been recommended for the military medal.

One Boche Greatly Relieved
There is no longer any doubt that the Germans know that Americans are in the line. A week ago Saturday, the Boche prisoners said that they had not known there were any Americans in that part of the world. Their officers had told them that there were a few Americans somewhere in France, but where nobody knew. The men were also told to beware of being taken prisoner by the Americans, as these Yankees would question them rigidly, and when they had learned all they could, would simply cut the prisoner's throat. It was amusing to see the relief on the Boche face when he realized that this was not true.

Now, in one place on the front where the line is only 35 yards apart, Fritz has stuck up a sign in his own trench, "Welcome, Yank."

WEEK'S THIRD RAID ALSO REPULSED

In another portion of Lorraine a German raid on the trenches held by our troops in training with French troops was repulsed with losses to the Germans. The general in command of the French Army in this sector has sent to the American field command his congratulations on the behavior of our troops.

**Americans Along Lorraine
Line Break Up Big
Boche Raid**

HUN BARRAGE STIFFEST YET

**Volunteers for Attack Against
Doughboys Admit They Wish
They Hadn't**

"They came at us, and we got 'em." Such, in the words of a doughboy, was among these present, in the story of last Friday morning's big raid, which the Boches attempted on our front north of Toul, and the reception which that raid met.

We got them in the trenches, with automatic bayonets and rifles; we got them with our counter-barrage, and kept some of the raiders for souvenirs.

To find out whether or not the Huns got more than they expected, one has only to ask those souvenirs. They will say that they got considerably more than they expected; they wouldn't have volunteered for the raid if they had known what the resistance would be.

It wasn't a big scale offensive we showed back. It wasn't an affair of army corps, or of divisions or brigades. But the fact is that the first Boche attempt at a large scale raid on the American line in Lorraine met with prompt and courageous resistance. Our total losses were small compared to the German's known casualties—19 dead and three prisoners—and it is known that they lost more than twice as many again. For, in order to regain their trenches, the Huns had to travel through our barrage, carrying off some of their wounded.

Last Friday morning's work, among other things, furnished some fine examples of how Americans may be expected to meet the tests of war.

A Typical American
A young captain from Idaho, graduated from West Point only last June, was in a dugout when the German barrage began. Without a moment's hesitation, he stepped out, in that rain of fire and steel, to look after his men. He was shot down while in the act of going to them.

The German who got him met short shrift. He was shot down an instant later by an American lieutenant.

Though wounded, an artillery captain stood his ground in his post of command, calmly directing the fire of his guns. His men fired steadily for an hour without winking, under heavy enemy bombardment, though one of their guns was grooved the whole length of its barrel by an enemy shell, and others were nicked. The gunners laid down their barrage within 40 seconds of the start of the German fire, without waiting for a signal. They put over 8,000 shells in their first hour's work alone.

Gas was used by the enemy—just enough to force the Americans to wear masks, and not enough to impede the raiders by forcing them to encounter large quantities of it. Finding that he could not make his men hear his commands because of the roar of the enemy's bombardment, he shouted through his mask, one officer whipped it off, the better to direct his men back to safety. He took his chances of death by gas in order to save them.

Shouts Bring Plenty of Help
Two men in a shell hole were buried by the dirt thrown up by an exploding shell. Their calls for help brought a number of their comrades, who left their shelters to come to their aid. While they were digging the men out, amid a shower of stones, mud, earth, tree splinters, and sand kicked up by the German barrage, a section of the enemy's force came on them. They disposed of the Germans with their automatics.

A lieutenant, a sergeant, and two privates were in a dugout. Suddenly, a squad of Germans invaded it, crying "Come out, Americans!" The four Americans got the drop with their automatics. As they rushed out of the dugout to the

Continued on Page 2.

ARMY HAS STOOD TEST, SAYS G.H.Q. STATEMENT

**Official Account Commends Gallantry and Spirit
of Troops in Repelling Three German
Raids on American Sectors**

SUCCESSES PROVE FITNESS FOR BIGGER JOB

**Boche in One Attempt Attacked in Six Groups—French
General Order Praises "Superb Courage and
Coolness" of Our Men**

The following is an official statement from G.H.Q., A.E.F., on the past week's activities of the American Army:

The baptism of fire has come to several detachments of the American Expeditionary Forces during the last week. On Friday, March 1, the Boche artillery opened a destructive fire on the trenches and dugouts of an American regiment on the sector north of Toul.

Demolition work was followed by a rolling barrage, under cover of which the Boches attempted a raid, attacking in six groups. The American troops received the attack with rifle and artillery fire and drove back the enemy, forcing him to leave on the field 15 dead, including two officers, and four prisoners.

At about the same time the Boche tried out another American post not far from Soissons with much the same preparation, and from there again was forced to withdraw with losses to himself and without capturing any of the American combat troops, in search of whom he had started the raid.

There was a short intermission free from raiding, and then on Monday morning of this week the Boche tried still another sector in Lorraine, from which again he was forced to withdraw after sustaining losses and again without prisoners.

None of these engagements has been of the major variety, but each has served as a good test of American fighting spirit, and the test has been stood with a gallantry and efficiency by the boys from overseas

which in two cases has brought commendation from French army corps commanders and a general order from a French commanding general, from which the following is taken:

"The troops of the — Army Corps, proud to be fighting by the side of the generous sons of the great Republic who have hastened to support France, and with her to save the freedom of the world, will understand by this example of superb courage and coolness the meaning of the promises made by the entry into the conflict of their brothers in arms. The general commanding the — Army Corps heartily congratulates the — American Division, and in particular the — American Battalion, as well as the American artillery, whose precise and opportune action contributed to the success."

From the day that America entered the war, no American felt doubt as to how our troops would conduct themselves once they got into action. Their training has been thorough, and the present combat work simply serves as training for the bigger job still ahead. The job will come, and the hope of the American troops is that it may come soon. The baptism of fire which has already been given a few of the Americans will come to all, and there can be no doubt that the test through which these first troops came with such signal success will be encountered and passed with the same success by their brothers in arms in the divisions still to reach the front.

FIRST FULL ACCOUNT OF MORAN-FULTON GO

**Detailed Cabled Story Shows Plasterer Won Fast
New Orleans Fight by Terrific Hitting and
Masterly Ring Tactics**

[Editorial Note.—The following account of the Moran-Fulton fight at New Orleans is the first full story of the big boxing event of the winter in America to reach this side.]

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 7.—Fred Fulton, the spectacular and swift victory over Frank Moran makes him loom big as a contestant for the heavyweight title now held by Jess Willard. Last week's terrific fight showed Fulton not only a terrific hitter and a master of ring tactics, but proved also that he could take hard punishment, which was a question before the bout.

The big plasterer made swift slugging work to the end, and went through Moran like a machine. But he does not owe his victory to poor work on the part of his opponent. The latter fought well and his hard left was a clear victory for superior fighting ability and strength.

A huge crowd saw the fight in the open-air arena of the Louisiana auditorium, the largest that ever witnessed a fight there, not excepting the Sullivan-Corbett bout. It is estimated that the spectators numbered 8,000.

Smashing Bout from Outset
Moran climbed into the ring at 9:30 o'clock and Fulton followed a minute later. Sammy Goldman refereed.

Both men let fly as soon as they got into the center of the ring and instantly mixed furiously. Moran getting the jump by landing a stiff blow with his famous right, getting straight to Fulton's jaw. Moran then landed a stinging left to Fulton's face, followed by a hard left to the jaw, and let go another hard right in instant later, crashing Fulton on his chin.

Fulton appeared a bit rattled, but showed no sign of fearing punishment. He stepped back and landed a left hook to Moran's jaw that meant business, and warned Moran that there was steam behind his opponent's blows.

The men rushed together and clinched and Moran pounded Fulton's body with his left. He then began driving hard with his right, trying to put Fulton on his famous Mary Ann. He sent in smothering rights and lefts to Fulton's face and body, but got one over the left eye from Fulton that later made serious business for Moran. The men clinched and when they drew away Moran's face was zory with blood from the cut over his eye.

The round ended with honors even, but experts realized that Moran's right hand drives were not hurting Fulton, despite their might.

Both Take Long Chances
The second round began with a quick clinch and break, with each sending lefts to the other's face. They held and tried to hit. Fulton steadied suddenly and peppered three lefts to Moran's jaw, causing Moran to clinch again. Fulton tore loose and hooked a hard right.

The men mixed ferociously, taking long chances, until Moran clinched again, getting Fulton's right deep into his body and making him grunt.

Moran now realized that he must hammer Fulton down, and bore in, evi-

dently aiming to put some of his hammer blows on Fulton's jaw. Fulton blocked, but got one straight on the jaw that made the crowd gasp. Fulton took it without wincing, though, and the round ended with Fulton sending in a procession of stiff left jabs, making Moran give ground and sending him to his corner with blood pouring from the cut over his eye.

Seconds Toss Up Sponge
Moran clinched at the tap of the bell in the third round. Fulton tore himself loose with savage right and left uperants. As Moran was punched loose, Fulton saw he was dazed and shot over a smashing right, dropping his opponent to all fours, where he sprawled until his seconds tossed up the sponge.

The bleeding cut over his eye handicapped Moran undoubtedly, but Fulton proved himself a better man without question.

Moving pictures of the fight were taken for the army training camps and will be exhibited free to American soldiers.

This was the first time that Moran has been stopped with a knock-out. He has made the following heavyweights take the count: Tom Cowley, Charles Wilson, Stucker Smith, Fred Starbuck, Dave Mills, Sailor Solafer, Al McCuskey, Tim Logan, Al Patzer, Bombardier Wells and Jim Coffey.

Plasterer's Record of Victories
Billy Miska is the only man who has stayed ten rounds with Fulton. The plasterer knocked out Tom Cowley in one round, Porky Flynn in four rounds, Jack Moran in three rounds, D. Devere in five rounds, Gumbout Smith in seven rounds, Tom McMahon in six rounds, Charles Weinhold in two rounds, Frank Farmer in six rounds, Ben Temple in two rounds, and Bill Clark in two rounds.

Fulton may be challenged by Demou Jack Dempsey, who knocked out Homer Smith in one round, Jim Flynn in one round, and fought great fights with Gumbout Smith and Carl Morris. Dempsey is only 22 years old. He is an aggressive fighter for the body, which appears to be Fulton's weakest point. In Milwaukee, the day before the Moran-Fulton fight, Dempsey licked Bill Brennan in the sixth round of a scheduled ten round bout, the referee stopping the fight to save Brennan from a knockout.

NELSON HOLDS MAT TITLE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 7.—Louis Nelson, the Brooklyn welterweight wrestling champion, maintained his title against Gus Peterson, Columbia University wrestling instructor, after a two hour match of terrific work.

Nelson won the first fall in one hour; 33 minutes with a bar lock and body hold. Peterson got the second fall in six minutes by forcing Nelson to the mat with a body hold and then getting a dangerous reverse arm hold and making Nelson give in through pain.

Nelson secured the third fall in 30 minutes, wearing Peterson down by strenuous labor and getting a crutch hold and head and arm lock.